THE MODEL'S GRAND

Annual Picnic

For the Benefit of the

POOR CHILDREN OF INDIANAPOLIS.

The MODEL takes pleasure in announcing that they most heartily invite all Boys and Girls of this city to spend a day at the beautiful resort, BLUE RIVER PARK, near Morristown, Ind.,

THURSDAY NEXT, AUG. 16.

Our purpose is to give all poor children (under fourteen years of age) that would otherwise be unable to spend a holiday away from the hot streets of the city, one day of fresh air in merry-making. Tickets entitling the bearer to partake in the picnic will be given FREE to all poor children calling at our stores

WEDNESDAY MORNING NEXT.

Thursday morning at half past 7 all must assemble in front of the MODEL (Pennsylvania-street entrance) and, headed by the band, march to the Union Depot, where our special train will be in waiting to convey the jolly crowd to the park. At noon a lunch of

SANDWICHES, ICE-CREAM AND CAKE

Will be given all picnickers FREE.

Returning, the train will leave the park at 5:15 p. m., arriving in this city at 6 p. m. Parents need have no hesitation in permitting their children to go, as we will have a competent force of men to provide against accident of any nature. No one allowed on the train without a ticket.

Indiana's Leading Clothiers, Furnishers and Hatters. Rothschild, Hays & Co., Prop'rs. See Picnic Advertisement on Fifth Page.

REMEMBER

In two weeks I remove to my new store, 27 West Washington Street. A great many of you have taken advantage of my sale and have bought a good cheap pair of Shoes or Boots. I will make a special big reduction for the next two weeks. Profits do not cut any figure in this sale. I want to take as few goods with me as possible. It will certainly pay you to come and see my goods and prices. I keep no shoddy. A good shoe can be bought cheap. Come and see.

41 E. Washington Street.

W. C. WHITEHEAD, Granite and Marble MONUMENTS, Vaults, Statuary, Etc. NEW, ARTISTIC, PERFECT.

First Door East of Postoffice.

KNIGHTIJILLSON 75 and 77 South Pennsylvania Street.

NATURAL GAS LINE PIPE, DRIVE PIPE, TUBING, CASING, BOILER TUBES, of the manufacture of the We carry in stock all sizes, operate four pipe machines, and cut and thread any size, from 1s inch to 12 nehes in diameter. FULL LINE DRILLERS' SUPPLIES. Our stock covers the whole range of GAS, STEAM and WATER goods, and our establishment is the acknowledged headquarters.

Tubing, Casing and Pipe, Cordage, Rig Irons, Drilling Tools, Brass Goods, Malleable, Galvanized and Cast-Iron Fittings. Complete line of House-Fittings for Natural Gas.

GEORGE A. RICHARDS, TELEPHONE 364. 77 South Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

From \$2.50 to \$10.

See-Saws at..... 5.00 each Fishing Tackle, Lawn Tennis, Croquets, Base-Ball Supplies, Out-door games of all kinds.

CHARLES MAYER &

29 and 31 West Washington Street.

JEWEL GASOLINE STOVES Economy, Simplicity and Perfect Baking are points found in the Jewel. The Jewel Gasoline Stoves are offered with the absolute guarantee of being the finest and best-working Gasoline Stoves made.

FOR SALE ONLY BY E. FEENEY GEO. 88 West Washington St.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

C. E. KREGELO

125 North Delaware St. NO CHARGE for CHAPEL for services. Telephone 564. Only Free Ambulance.

TO BUILDERS OF NEW RESIDENCES: LILLY & STALNAKER line of HARDWARE.) 64 E. Washington St.

SCRATCHED 28 YEARS

A Scaly, Itching Skin Disease with Endless Suffering Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

If I had known of the Cuticura remedies twenty-eight years ago it would have saved me \$200 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffer-ing. My disease (Psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all ing. My disease (Psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time, and my suffering was endless, and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ringworm, psoriasis, etc. I took and seringworm, psoriasis, etc. I took and seringworm. I cannot praise the Cuticura Remedies too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them was three boxes of Cuticura, and three bottles of Cuticura Recolvent, and two cakes of Cuticura Soap. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for \$200 you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book of Psoriasis (Picture number two "How to Cure Skin Diseases"), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times. Anything more that you want to know, write me, or anyone who reads this may write to me and I will answer it.

DENNIS DOWNING, Waterbury, Vt.

Jan. 20, 1887.

Psoriasis, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Lichen, Purritus, Scaly Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barber's, Bakers', Grocers' and Washerwoman's Itch. and every species of Itching, Burning, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, are positively cured by Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50c; Soap, 25c; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin pre-vented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

FREE I FREE FROM PAIN In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sud-den, Sharp and Nervous Pains, Strains and Weakness. The first and only pain-

TRAVELERS' INDEX.

ANKAKEE (BIG FOUR Rail- Way) CINCINNATI. Now we have got a rate to suit you-the old favorite. \$2.50 round trip.

Now is your chance to see the Exposition, the finest one ever held in Cincinnati. "The Fall of Babylon," it must be seen; it cannot

be described.

The Zoological Garden, the Hill-tops. Eden Park and the Musee, Coney Island and the ride up the river. SPECIAL RATES NOW. Kankakee and return; charming resort; only ... \$4.10

Chicago, one way, much lower.
California and return, good sixty days.......73.85
FIME CARD. CINCINNATI DIVISION. CINCINNATI DIVISION-SUNDAY TRAINS.

Arrive......3:25am 10:38am 3:30pm 6:13pm
Pullman palace cars, elegant reclining-chair cars,
and parlor cars between Indianapolis, Chicago and For tickets, sleeping-car accommodations and all information call at Union Depot or Model Ticket Office, corner Washington and Meridian streets.

J. H. MARTIN, Dist. Pass. Agt.

JOHN S. SPANN. THOMAS H. SPANN. JOHN S. SPANN & CO.

Real Estate, Insurance, Rents and Loans, 34 East Market St.

FOR SALE—Large lot extending from Col lege avenue through to Ash street, with old house and stable, fine trees, alley on north and south; want an offer for part or ali; known as 61 College avenue. Spann & Co.'s Woodlawn Lots, on English. Spann, Fletcher, Hoyt and Lexington avenues, between Dillon and Reed streets, best vacant ots in the market. Houses and Lots and Vacant Lots in all parts of the city.
FOR RENT-No. 455 N. Meridian street.

No. 179 North Pennsylvania street: good houses; natural gas; low rent to good tenants.

WE HAVE two nice cottages on Laurel street, five rooms each, and large lots for \$1,500 each. House on Bismarck street, lot 30x174, for \$1,200. Fine lot on North Mississippi street for \$700. Lot near Washington street on Walcott for \$700. Vacant lot on Laurel near Prospect for \$475, and residence property on all the principal streets north and south on easy terms and fair prices.

PRATHER & HANCKEL 66 East Market Street

WHEN INDICATIONS. SUNDAY-Light local rains and slightly

10c will buy a linen Duck Cap for

15c will buy a boy's Campaign Cap—cadet or fatigue shape. 24c will buy a man or boy's mixed or white Straw Hat that sells all

over town at 50c. 49c will buy a choice of a lot of men's white and fancy Straw Hats that sold all season for more than double.

\$1 takes choice of an elegant Schindler, Mackinaw, formerly sold for \$2 and \$2.50.

All of our finest Straw Hats, Milans, Mackinaw or Manilla still go

at one-half marked price.
Light colored Soft and Stiff Hats in all the newest shapes and most fashionable shades go at \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50; the former prices were \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50 and \$4. They must go to make room for fall goods.

A BATTLE-FIELD FRIENDSHIP.

The Sequel to an Act of Humanity Performed in the Midst of Deadly Strife.

Special to the Indianapoils Journal. VINCENNES, Ind., Aug. 11 .- James Fletcher, ex-rebel soldier, is dying at his home five miles south of this city. His illness is quick consumption. Fletcher came to this county sever al years ago under very peculiar circumstances. The meeting between him and Joe Dalby, Union soldier, was very affecting, a never-to-be forgotten scene. Joe Dalby was a gallant member of the Fourteenth Indiana Volunteers. which won such fame for bravery and gallantry and gained the honorable distinction of the "Gibraltar brigade" at the bloody battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862. Jim Fletcher word the gray and enlisted at the outbreak of the rebellion in a dashing regiment of Virginia cavalry. One day, a few years ago, a stranger, tall and handsome, with bright, intelligent face and piercing black eyes, appeared near the St. Thomas Church, five miles south of this city, and inquired for Joe Dalby. He had bu one leg, the other baving been taken off close to the hip. He was directed to the home of M Dalby, who was found surrounded by several friends who had happened to collect in front of his humble residence. The stranger rode up t the crowd and "eyed" the group an instant and addressed Mr. Dalby. "I am looking for a man named Dalby," said the man, "he was a member of the Fourteenth Indiana Infantry. Are you

"That is my name." said Dalby, not a little surprised at the unexpected arrival of the

"My name is James Fletcher," said the man, on whom all eyes were now turned. "I was soldier, but I fought on the other side. In the hard fought bettle of Wilderness, May 5, 1864, my thigh was enattered by a shell. The confederates were repulsed and I was left lying where I fell. It was het end I was dying of thirst and loss of blood. Besides, I was in danger of being trampled by the Union artillery that was dashing to the front. A young man wearing the blue saw me, paused and bent down over me. I asked for water, and he gave me a drink from his own canteen. Tearing a bandage from the dead body of a comrade, he bound up my wounded leg. He dragged me to the root of a big tree and leaned me against its trunk. He then gave me his canteen and started to leave me. I asked him his name; he replied hastily. 'Joe Dalby, Fourteenth Indiana,' and snatched up his musket and dashed after his regiment. That man saved my life and that drink of water was the sweetest draught I ever drank. I was at last rescued and taken to the hospital. I have never forgotten my friend and preserver, and have used every means to find you, for I know you are the man. I heard of you while passing through the city, and have driven out here to find you. I am the rebel boy you had compassion on," said Mr. Fletcher, al most overcome with emotion, while the tears trickled down his cheeks. Tears were blinding the eyes of Dalby as he listened, dumfounded, to the well-remembered scene, which he had often related to his friends, little expecting that he would ever see the wounded man alive. The meeting between them was so affecting that there were no dry eyes in the crowd. The stranger found a friend in the man whose patriotism had made him an enemy. Mr. Fletcher was taken in the house and treated as a distinguished guest. He remained several days with Mr. Dalby. A friendship grev up stronger than that of brothers. It was finally decided that Fletcher must come to Indiana to reside. A little cottage near by was rented, and he sent for his wife, who lived in Texas. She came, and for years the families have lived near each other, while the closest friendship has existed between them. Dalby assisted his crippled neighbor. They became partners in little transactions on the farm. They drove to the city each week together in order to do their tytding, sell their grain, etc., their in timacy being so marked as to produce universal comment. The evenings were spent in an exchange of friendly visits between the families. Dalby's children grew up and called Fletcher Uncle Jim." Dalby's entire family are constantly at the bedside of Uncle Jim, and few patients are ever nursed with more tender care than that which is being shown Uncle Jim.

A Fatal Cattle Disease.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. LAWRENCEVILLE, Ill., Aug. 11 .- Three years ago the disease of ergot appeared in an epi demic form in Lawrence county, Illinois, and now the same fatal disease is raging among the cattle of that county. The cattle that eat this ergot are dying to an alarming extent. The farmers of Lawrence and Richland counties where there are large grazing fields are really disturbed on account of the epi demic. All their gains from the bountiful crops will be offset by their loss in stock Ergot is an abnormal vegetable growth, a real parasite, called in botany claviceps purpurea. It is found mostly in wheat and rye, and sometimes in grasses. In the two counties named this year it is found in great abundance on the grasses. When eaten by stock it acts upon them much as poison does on the human system. The stomach of the brute is greatly irritated, the action of the heart is lessened, the muscles become relaxed, and gangrene in the extreme stages of the disease affects the feet. After death the muscular tissues are somewhat liquefied, as by s stroke of lightning, and the muscles become blackened. The treatment of the disease is, so far, experimental and ineffectual, and the only hope is a change of pasture.

Reunion of Chatsworth Survivors. PEORIA, Ill., Aug. 11 .- One year ago last evening the fatal Chatsworth train started on the Toledo, Peoria & Western railway, with 600 excursionists bound for Niagara. While their friends at home were calmly sleeping the excursionists were lying piled up at Piper City and Chatsworth, dead and dying. Seventy-one were killed outright, and twelve more were dying from their injuries. Over 150 claims for damages on account of injuries received were paid. In commemoration of the disaster, the Peoria survivors met last evening at the residence of Robert Kennedy to organize an association of Chatsworth survivors, meetings to be held annually. This is to include all the survivors, though it was not thought of in time to invite any outside of the city for the first meeting. About forty were present. A permanent organization was effected by selecting Dr. O. B. Wills president, E. A. Vanzant secretary, and Pearl Adams, Robert Kennedy and Ezra G. Par-ker executive committee. In the near future a meeting of the officers will be held to futher perfeet the organization, and find out if any of the l number are in need of pecuniary assistance.

LAST HONORS TO SHERIDAN

The Remains of the Dead Soldier Consigned to Rest in Arlington Cemetery.

In a Spot Overlooking the National Capital and in the Van of the Great Army of Heroes Who There Find a Resting Place.

Simply-Phrased but Eloquent and Beautiful Sermon by Cardinal Gibbons.

The Procession through the Streets and the Military Honors at the Grave, Where the Bugle Sounds the Last "Good Night."

THE LAST RITES

A Touchingly-Beautiful Sermon-The Milltary Honors at the Grave.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11 .- The last rites for the dead were to-day perfected according to the ordinances of the Roman Catholic Church for Philip Henry Sheridan, General of the armies of the United States, and his body was laid to rest in beautiful Arlington, the city of the soldier dead. The event was marked by a general suspension of public business. The ceremonies throughout were in keeping with the character of the man. The strict adherence to an almost unmilitary simplicity in all the arrangement, the heavy-wheeled artillery caisson for his hearse, the procession of a single thousand erect and sturdy soldiers who had seen service, best befitted the closing scenes in the life of so great a soldier. St. Matthew's Church, where the remains of General Sheridan had lain in state since Thursday afternoon, and where the principal burial services were held, is an ancient edifice of modest proportions, with stuccoed exterior walls, and but for its classic pillared front would attract little attention from a stranger. But in it worship many whose names are illustrious in history. It is the most popular Catholic Church in Washington, and for many years it has numbered among its communicants the members of many of the foreign legations resident here, Cabinet ministers, Senators and Representatives in Congress. The interior of the church is in keeping with the exterior, plain and unpretentious.

At 9 o'clock the doors of the church were thrown open, and such of the large crowd assembled outside as had received tickets of admission, were permitted to enter. They were conducted to their seats by a corps of aids in full military uniforms, under the direction of Col. John M. Wilson, of the corps of engineers, Proper arrangements had been made for maintaining order outside of the church, and a detachment of policemen were stationed at the door for that purpose. These were afterward supplemented by a squad of soldiers. Some time before the ceremonies commenced, carriages bearing the members of the diplomatic corps, the joint committee of Congress, Senators and Representatives in Congress, began to arrive, and the body of the church speedily filled. Among the prominent persons noted were: Senators Ingalis, Edmunds, Evarts, Hoar, Dawes, Jones of Nevada, Dolph, Hale, Allison, Sawyer, Chandler, Farwell and wife, Justice Harlan and wife, Solicitor-general Jenks, and

the commissioners of the District At about 9:30 the pall-bearers, headed by Gen. Sherman, in full uniform, entered at the left of the catafalque. Soon after the joint committee of Congress appeared and was conducted to seats reserved for them in front and to the right of the catafalque, four of them occupying General Sheridan's pew. They wore white sashes, and were headed by Senators Gray and Hampton, and among them were the ex-confederates, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, and one-armed Gen. Charles E. Hooker, of Mississippi. About 9:40 the President and Mrs. Cleveland and Secretaries Fairchild and Vilas came in and took seats in the front pew on the right of the center aisle and just in front of the rear of the chairs which had been provided for them, and which remained unoccupied during the ceremonies. Mrs. Folsom, Secretary Bayard and Postmaster-general Dickinson followed, and were seated in the vicinity. About five minutes after the presidential party had been seated. Mrs. Sheridan arrived and was escorted to her seat at the left of and near the casket. She was deeply veiled, and leaned upon the arm of Colonel Sheridan. They were accompanied by General and Mrs. Rucker and son, Miss Rucker, John Sheridan, the General's brother, and his

Meanwhile the diplomate corps, many of them attired in full court dress, had been seated on the extreme right and front of the church. The army surgeons, Drs. O'Reilly and Yarrow, and Dr. Lincoln, who was several times called in consultation during the General's illness; Col. Blunt and Col. Kellogg, of General Sheridan's staff, occupied seats to the left of the main aisle and immediately in the rear of Mrs. Sheridan. The rear of the church was occupied by a large number of members of Congress and officers of the army and navy and public officials. The wide galleries and all available seats in the church were occupied before the burial service began. Large wreaths, crosses and baskets of beautiful flowers, the gifts of the Grand Army, Loyal Legion, and other organizations, and friends, filled the open spaces in front of the alters.

At 10 o'clock twenty-two acolytes entered from the sacristy, and, filing right and left, took seats beside the black-palled catafalque. They were followed by eight Dominicans wearing heavy black and white habits, and ten surpliced priests chanting "The Miserere." At the conclusion of this service Fathers Ryan, Kervick and Mackin, the deacon, sub-deacon and the celebrant of the mass, entered the sanctuary. They were followed by the Right Rev. John P. Foley, bishop-elect of Detroit, and two priests. Cardinal Gibbons was the last to enter. He wore a red caseock, white surplice and purple cap, with a long gold chain supporting the pectoral cross on his breast and the red "zucceta" upon his head. Kneeling at the altar, he offered a prayer, and, taking his seat on the throne, the celebration of the solemn requiem mass was begun. In accordance with the request of Mrs. Sheridan, the Schimdt mass, one of the simplest in musical composition, was sung by the church choir with organ accompaniment. At the offertory the "O Christi Salvator Mundi" was sung. The ceremony occupied forty minutes. When it was concluded Cardinal Gibbons ascended the pulpit and began the sermon. The text was: And Jonathan and Simon took Judas, their brother, and buried him in the sepulchre of their fathers, in the city of Modin. And all the people of Israel bewailed him with great lamentation; and they mourned for him many days, and said: "How is the mighty fallen that saved the people of Israel. I Maccabees, The Cardinal said:

"Well might the children of Israel bewail their great captain, who led them so often to battle and to victory. And well may this Nation grieve for the loss of the mighty chieftain whose mor-tal remains now lie before us. In every city, and town, and village of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, his name is uttered with sorrow and his great deeds recorded with ad-

buried amid profound peace, while we are en-joying the blessings of domestic tranquillity and

are in friendship with all the world. "The death of General Sheridan will be la-mented not only by the North, but also by the South. I know the Southern people, I know their chivalry, I know their magnanimity, their warm and affectionate nature; and I am sure that the sons of the South, and especially those who fought in the late war, will join in the national lamentation and will lay a garland of mourning on the bier of the great general. They recognize the fact that the Nation's general is dead, and that his death is the Nation's loss; and this universal sympathy, coming from all sections of the country, irrespective of party lines, is easily accounted for when we consider that under an over-ruling Providence the war in which General Sheridan took such a conspicu-ous part has resulted in increased blessings to

every State in our common country.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough hew them how we will, and this is true of nations as well as of individuals. What constitutes the great difference between the wars of antiquiand our recent war? The war of the older was followed by subjugation and bondaghe train of our great struggle came reconci. a and freedom. Alexander the Great waded ... ough the blood of his fellow-man. By the sword he conquered' and by the sword he kept the vanquished in bondage. Scarcely was be cold in death when his vassals shook off the yoke and his empire was dismembered into fragments. The effect of the late war has been to weld together the Nation still more closely into one cohesive body; it has removed once for all slavery, the great apple of discord; it has broken down the wall of separation which divided section from section, and exhibits us more strikingly as one nation, one family, with the same aims and the same aspira-tions. The humanity exhibited in our late struggle, contrasted with the cruelties exercised toward the vanquished of former times, is an el-oquent tribute to the blessings of Christian civ-

"In surveying the life of General Sheridan, it seems to me that these were his prominent features and the salient points in his character-undaunted heroism combined with gentleness of disposition; strong as a lion in war, gentle as a child in peace; bold, daring, fearless, undaunted, unhesitating, his courage rising with the danger, ever fertile in resources, ever prompt in execution, his rapid movements never impelled by a blind impulse, but ever prompted by a calculating mind. I have neither the time nor the ability to dwell upon his military career from the time he left West Point until the close of the to us his quickness of conception and readiness of execution. I refer to his famous ride in the valley of Virginia. As he is advancing along the road, he sees his routed army rushing pellmell toward him. Quick as thought, by the glance of his eye, by the power of his word, by the strength of his will, he hurls back that living stream on the enof defeat. How bold in war, how gentle in peace. On some few occasions in Washington, I had the pleasure of meeting General Sheridan, socially in private circles. I was forcibly struck by his gentle disposition, his amiable manner, his unassuming deportment, his eye beaming with good nature and his voice scarcely raised above a whisper. I said to myself: 'Is this bashtul man and retiring citizen the great General of the American armies? Is this the hero of so many battles?' It is true, General Sheridan has been charged with being sometimes unnecessarily severe toward the enemy. My conversations with him strongly impressed me with the groundlessness of a charge which could in nowise be reconciled with the abhorrence which be expressed for the atrocities of war, with his natural aversion to bloodshed, and with the hope he uttered that he would never again be obliged to draw his sword against an enemy. I am persuaded that the sentiments of humanity ever found a congenial home, a secure lodgment, in the breast of General Sheridan. Those who are best acquainted with his military career unite in saying that he never needlesely sacri-ficed human life, and that he loved and cared for his soldiers as a father loves and cares for his children.

"But we must not forget that if the departed hero was a soldier he was, too, a citizen; and if we wish to know how a man stands as a citizen we must ask ourselves how he stands as son, husband and father. The parent is the source of the family, the family is the source of the nation. Social life is the reflex of the family life. The stream does not rise above its source. Those who were admitted into the inner circle of General Sheridan's home need not be told that it was a peaceful and happy one. He was a fond husband and an affectionate father, lovingly devoted to his wife and children. I hope am not trespassing upon the sacred privacy of domestic life when I state that the General's sickness was accelerated, if not aggravated, by a fatiguing journey which he made in order to be home in time to assist at a domestic celebration, in which one of his children was the central

"Above all, General Sherican was a Christian. He died fortified by the consolations of religion, having his trust in the saving mercies of our Redeemer and a humble hope in blessed immortality. What is life without the hope of immor-tality? What is life that is bounded by the horizon of the tomb! Surely, it is not worth living. What is the life even of the antediluvian patriarchs but like the mist which is dispelled by the morning sun. What would it profit this illustrious here to go down to his honored grave covered with earthly glory, if he had no hope in the eternal glory to come! It is the hope of eternal life that constitutes at once our dignity and our moral responsibility. God has planted in the human breast an irresistible desire for immortality. It is born with us, and lives and moves with us. It inspires our best and holiest actions. Now, God would not have given us this desire if He did not intend that it should be fully satisfied. He would not have given us this thirst for infinite happiness if He had not intended to assuage it. He never created anything in vain. Thanks to God, this universal yearning of the human heart is sanctioned and vindicated by the voice of revelation. The inspired word of God not only proclaims the immortality of the soul, but also the future resurrection of the body. 'I know,' says the prophet Job, 'that my Redeemer liveth, and that on the last day I shall rise out of the earth and in my flesh I shall see my God.' Wonder not at this,' says our Savier, 'for the hour cometh when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they who have done well shall come forth to the resurrection of life, and they who have done ill, to the resurrection of judgment.' And the apos-tle writes these comforting words to the Thessalonians: 'I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning those that are asleep, that ye be not sorowful like those who have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so those who have died in Jesus, God will roise unto himself. Therefore, comfort yourselves with these words.' "These are the words of comfort I would ad-

dress to you, madam, faithful consort of the illustrious dead. This is the olive branch of peace and hope I would bring you to-day. This is the silver lining of the cloud which hangs over you. We followed you in spirit and with sympathizing hearts as you knelt in prayer at the bed of your dying husband. May the God of all consolation comfort you in this hour of sorrow. May the soul of your husband this day be in peace and his abode in Zion; may his memory be ever enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and may our beloved country, which he has loved and served so well, ever be among the foremost nations of the earth, the favored land of constitutional freedom, strong in the loyalty of its patriotic citizens, and in the genius and valor of its soldiers till time shall be no more. "Comrades and companions of the illustrious dead, take hence your great leader, tear him to his last resting-place; carry him gently, loving-ly; and, though you may not hope to attain his exalted rank, you will strive at least to emulate him by the integrity of your private life, by your devotion to your country, and by upholding the honor of your military profession."

At 11 o'clock the Cardinal descended from the pulpit, and, taking his place in front of the throne, the black and gold mantle was placed upon his shoulders and a bishop's mitre upon his head, by the attendant priests. A number of priests with lighted tapers took their places on either side of the casket, meanwhile the Dominicans and the male voices of the choir sang the "Liberam." The Cardinal, who had taken his seat at the head of the casket, removed his mitre, and, sprinkling the casket with holy water and swinging a censer, pronounced the ab-solution. At the conclusion of this ceremony the "Benedictus" was chanted, and the solemn and impressive service was ended.

Eight sergeants from the Third Artillery marched down the assle, and, lifting the casket upon their shoulders, bore it from the church, the audience standing. Immediately followed an artillery officer carrying the General's head. quarters flag. The pall-hearers, headed by Gen. Sherman and Speaker Carlisle, had meanwhile taken their places in the carriages provided for them. Mrs. Sheridan and the other members

immediately behind. The borse is a dark bay, and was bought by General Sheridan in Chicago about four years ago. It was bridled and anddied just as when last ridden by the General. The General's military boots were in the stirrups with the toes pointing backward. The animal was led by a tall sergeant in full uniform. All the horses used by the General during the war are dead, and "Guy," who was used on this occasion, is the animal which had been the longest in the General's service as his personal saddle horse.

sonal saddle horse.

In accordance with the wishes of Mrs. Sheridan the funeral was a strictly military affair, and the escort was performed precisely as prescribed by the army regulations for an officer of the rank of the deceased. The order of march

was as follows: A Battalion of Cavalry.
Two Batteries of Light Artillery.
Marine Band
Third-Artillery Band.
Battalion of Foot Artillery. Clergy in Carriages.
Pall-bearers in Carriages.
Body-bearers.
Artillery Sergeants. Calsson Bearing Remains.

The General's Horse.
Mrs. Sheridan and Family.
Military Staff.
The President and Mrs. Cleveland.
The Cabiret.
The Judictury.
The Congressional Committees.
Diplomatic Corps.
Representatives of the Loyal Legion and G. A. R. and Citizens.

The escort assembled while the funeral services were in progress. It formed on H street, facing north, with the foot artillery on the right, the cavalry on the left, and the light batteries in the center. Before the completion of the services the caisson and the General's horse were removed to a point nearer the church entrance, and after the casket had been placed on the caisson the column was formed by wheeling to the left, and moved en route far enough to permit the formation of the column of carriages

In the rear.

Just before the close of the services, General Schofield and his aids arranged themselves in front of the troops and prepared to receive the funeral party. As the body was born from the church the bell tolled and the Marine Band played the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," The soldiers stood at present arms, and nearly all the citizens removed their hats. The best of order was preserved, and the crowd seemed inspired by the solemnity of the occasion. When all had been arranged, the column moved slowly in the direction of the cemetery. The route was by H street to Pennsylvania avenue, to the Arlington road, by way of the aqueduct bridge. Crowds lined the entire route. All available places for a view of the line were occupied. The greatest respect was paid to the occasion, and the spectators generally uncovered their heads as the bier passed by. Several houses were draped inmourning, the most notable of which was the Metropolitan Club-house, at the corner of Sevententh and H streets. General Sheridan was a member of this club at the time of his death. The weather was warm, but not so oppressive as yesterday. Several soldiers, however, became exhausted during the march and had to be taken to the hospital.

Slowly passing through the long main street of ancient Georgetown, over the new bridge that spans the broad Potomac, then up the winding, well-kept military road that leads through the cavalry post of Fort Myer, the funeral cortege at least gained the open heights commanding a panoramic view of the river and the city of Washington, and met a gratefully refrashing breeze. A mile further on it entered the western gateway of the Arlington National Cemetery, where, as far as the eye can reach to right or left, under the spreading branches of majestic oaks, the grass is thickly dotted with gleaming marble headstones that mark the graves of 16,000 Union soldiers. A little later the five miles weary march of the long procession was at an end. At 1:20 P. M. the cavalry escort, with Major-general Schofield at its head, came to a halt beside the old Lee mansion, and soon afterward the rest of the cortege advances slowly to the music of a pealing military dir merged from the shadowy city of the dead an broke up into groups among the scattered trees

on the open green sward.

When the booming of cannon announced the Pt. Myer, squadrons and places of mounted and on foot, made their appearan front of the Lee mansion, and at the word of command formed and drove back the large crowd of people, which had gathered on the hill-side, to a position further south, where they were massed, and a cordon of bine coats was formed to keep the immediate neighborhood of the grave free from intrusion. Now through the groves and over the hill-top came faintly the strains of the military dirgs, and with the accompaniment of the artillery salute the procession made its slow way to the front. The cavalry filed to the left, and, forming in lib-along the crest, stood in silence overlooking the field. The artillery of the escort, breaking from the line, passed out of sight to the left and came in along the foot of the hill, where the guns were un bered and prepared for their alloted service

The infantry, with pieces reversed, with crape-trimmed colors barely stirred by a gentle east-ern breeze, moved obliquely across the field, and at the word halted and aligned across the left, completing the bollow square. Hearse commands were shouted, aids galloped shere and there, buglers sounded commands, and for and there, bugiers sounded commands, and for a time there was all the pomp and circumstance of grand military display, but with the coming of the dead, silence fell upon the masses and men and horses stood like statues. As the hearse came to a halt, the clergy, in flowing robes, headed a procession from the carriages. Bishop-elect John F. Foley, of Detroit, brother of Bishop Thomas Foley, of Chicago, who married Gen. Sheridan, was the officiating priest. His assistants accolutes and a trained priest. His assistants, acolytes and a trained choir of Dominican monks, numbered more than a score in all. Next came ry Endicott, Speaker Carlisle and Secretary Whitney walking at the head, and behind them leaning heavily on the arm of Colonel Sheridan. came the grief-stricken widow. The mourness included John Sheridan, brother of the deceased; General and Mrs. Rucker, parents of the widow, her brother and sister, and the mili tary staff and several other intimate friends of the General. The President and Mrs. Cleveland and the committees of the two houses of Congress, with bared heads, followed the mourners. Eight sergeants of artillery now lifted the casket from the caiseon and bore is, with slow, careful steps down to the mouth of the open grave, placing it there upon rods, ready to be lowered to its resting-place when the ground should have been consecrated by the priests. After a moment of reverent silence the clear voice of the bishop-elect was heard uttering the words of blessing, "Deus cujus miseratoine." "The souls of the faithful find rest; deign to bless this grave and send Thy boly angel to guard it; and loose from all the bonds of six the souls of those whose bodies are here in-terred, that they may even rejoice in Thee with Thy saints, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

With a sprigof fir plucked from a neighboring branch, holy water was sprinkled over the grave and the casket was lowered by the sergeants, The regular burish service, beginning with the canticle of Zachary, or the benedictus, and ending with the chanting of De Profundis by the choir of Dominican priests, brought the religious features of the obsequies to an end. The priests stood aside and remained in a group near the head of the grave. Every breath was hushed while the widow came a step forward, and for one brief moment looked upon the casket which held her beloved dead. As she turned away the other mourners, in a As she turned away the other mourners, in a body, paid their tribute of love and respect, and then, at a signal, the artillery fired a salute of seventeen guns. The Loyal League moved up in a line and looked in upon the still uncovered casket, and then filed away. The great hollow square now contained but one figure, that of a stalwart cavalry bugler, who stood at ease facing eastward, his bugle under his arm, at the head of the grays. There was a begree comhead of the grave. There was a hearse com-mand at the left, echoed and passed on down the line of infantry, a rattle of steel, a moment of expectation, and then the simultaneous flash and roar of five hundred muskets. Again and again the volley was repeated. Then the bugler came to "attention," raised his bugle to his lips and blew "taps," the sign for "lights out," the military equivalent for good night. The tones were low, mellow and tremulous at the start, but with each succeeding phrase swelled clear, shrill and commanding, waking the tardy echoes from the surrounding banks of foliage, which came back to blend again with the longwail at the end. As the last echo died away, and just as the shadow of the towering buckeye fell across and covered the grave as with a pall, the groups of living turned silently homeward and left the dead to his solitude. The grave is a few rods distant from the Lee mansion—a little to the front and south of it—

and just beyond the brow of the grassy slope that pitches somewhat steeply eastward toward the river. A dozen scres of close-shaven greensward, dotted here and there with widespreadmiration. There is one consoling feature that distinguishes the obsequies of our illustrions hero from those of the great Hebrew leader. He was buried in the midst of war, amid the clashing of arms and surrounded by the armed leasting of the enemy; our captain, thank God, is letter the cast of the cast of the cast of the cast of the enemy; our captain, thank God, is letter them came the cast of the cast of the cast of the enemy; our captain, thank God, is letter them came the cast of the cast of the cast of the cast of the enemy; our captain, thank God, is letter them came the cast of the cast of the cast of the enemy; our captain, thank God, is letter them came the cast of the cas